DIALOGUE.

M. WHY am I daily thus perplext?
Why beyond Womans patience vext?
Your Spurious Iſſue grow and thrive;
While mine are dead ere well alive.
If they ſurvive a nine days wonder,
Suſpicious Tongues aloud do thunder;
And ſtreight accuſe my Chaſtity,
For your damn'd Inſufficiency:
You meet my Love with no deſire,
My Altar damps your feeble fire:
Though I have infinite more Charms
Than all you e'r took to your Arms.
The Prieſt at th' Altar bows to me;
When I appear he bends the knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt,
His Prayers to Heav'n and Me are mixt;
Confuſedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.
I travel'd farther for your Love
Than *Sheba's* Queen, I'l fairly prove.
She from the South, 'tis ſaid did rome,
And I as far from Eaſt did come.
But here the diff'rence does ariſe,
Though equally we ſought the Prize;
What that great Queen deſir'd ſhe gain'd,
But I ſoon found your Treaſury drain'd,
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis ſad Experience tells this Truth:
Though I had caution long before
Of that which I too late deplore.

J. Pray, Madam, let me ſilence break,
As I have you, now hear me ſpeak.
Theſe ſtories ſure muſt pleaſe you well,
You're apt ſo often them to tell.
But, if you'l ſmooth your brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear,
That you the great'ſt Aggreſſor are.
I took you with an empty Purſe,
Which was to me no trivial Curſe.
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me ſurprize,
With Wonder, not with Admiration,
Aſtoniſhment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I ſee in all your frame
Ought could create an amorous flame,
Or raiſe the leaſt Deſire in me,
Save only for Variety.
I paid ſuch Service as was due,
Worthy my ſelf, and worthy you:
Careſs'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth and your Eſtate.
When ſoon I found your haughty mind
Was unto Sov'reignty inclin'd;
And firſt you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
While I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was ſtill obey'd:
Nor durſt I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.
I took ſuch meaſures as you gave,
All day your Fool, all night your Slave.
Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You ſtill reſolv'd your courſe to ſteer:
All that oppoſe you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Powers above.
Now ſeveral Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply.
To Mother Church you take Recourſe,
She tells you 'tmuſt be done by force;
And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and execute the way.
When mounted to the Place you ſought,
It no Contentment with it brought:
One Tree within your Proſpect ſtood
Faireſt and talleſt of the Wood;
Which to your Proſpect gave offence,
And it muſt be remov'd from thence.
In this you alſo are obey'd,
While all the Fault on me is laid.
Now you was quiet for a while,
As flattering Weather ſeems to ſmile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found freſh matter for your ſpite,
And ſet to work your buſie Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
Some Wiſe, ſome Valiant, you remove,
'Cauſe they your Maxims don't approve;
And in their ſtead ſuch Creatures place
Which to th' Employments brings Diſgrace:
While whatſoe're you do I own,
And ſtill the dirt on me is thrown.
Strait new Chimera's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again;
A Goal-Delivery now muſt be,
All tender Conſciences ſet free;
Not out of Zeal, but pure Deſign
To make Diſſenters with us joyn
To pull down Teſt and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cauſe.
The ſly Diſſenters laugh the while,
They ſee where lurks the Serpents guile;
And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Cheiftains of the Proteſtant Cauſe
We did confine, though 'gainſt the Laws;
But ſoon was glad to ſet 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.
Now all is turning upſide down,
Loud Murmuring 's in every Town;
We've Foes abroad and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets againſt us come:
The Proteſtants do laugh the while,
And the Diſſenters ſneer and ſmile;
But no Aſſiſtance either ſends;
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.
Now pray conclude what muſt be done,
Conſult your Oracle of *ROME*,
For next fair Wind beſure they come.

FINIS.